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Original Poetry.

WAYSIDE FLOWERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. P. FARMER.

I love the little wayside flowers,
So fairy-like and gay;
They show proud beauty's stately bowers,
And come to cheer our weary hours
Along life's dusty way.

From out the hedge's shaggy breast,
Beside the furrow'd sod,
Beneath the wood in verdure drest,
Upon the mountain's rugged crest,
The blue-eyed violets peep.

Where weaves the rain its subtle plaints,
Upon the lonely heath,
The lily, rich in sweet perfume,
Looks proudly up in graceful bloom,
While drains nower beneath!

For nature spreads in every clime
A carpet for our feet,
The wild-rose and the columbine
In sylvan arbors closely twine,
Above the moss-grown seat.

Spring hath a rich and ample store
Of coverings for our way,
The grassy lawn is dotted o'er,
Yip to the very cottage door,
With dandelion gay.

When summer dons her mantle sheen,
Quaint gowans deck the green,
Light dancing o'er the meadows green,
The daisies bloom in sweet repose,
In golden diadems.

Autumn, with her sad pilgrimage,
Where hoverings footsteps meet,
Where the poor sky is hard and bare,
Springs up the hoy-weed modest there,
And fringes all the street.

Then wherefore or one foot may stray,
The wayside flower is seen,
To cheer the child or sorrow's way,
Where memories rise or emotions play,
In wood and meadow green.

So He who notes each plumed dress
And scented them into bloom,
Where care upholds each fragile stem,
Where love hath painted every gem,
And lent them perfume.

Has shown a love to mortal power
Can ever all surpass;
I'll love the little wayside flower,
That cheers me in my lonely hour,—
He Who is me alone.

New Haven, Lonisiana, April, 1852.

Original Novelet.

VIOLA;
OR,
ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "FORESTER'S DAUGHTER," "FOREST ROSE," "ISABELLA SEY," "ROSALIE DE PORT," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XVII.

A DISCOVERY.

We descended two long, narrow flights of stairs, which brought us into an entry below the level of the earth. What the ground apartment of the house contained, I do not know, for we did not enter it, but kept outside in the sunset passage. At the foot of the second descent, we came to an iron door, which, on being opened by the Count's directions, admitted us to a small apartment, walled in with heavy stones, and paved with flags. An iron lamp was attached to the ceiling by a chain, so as to be lowered or raised. We lowered and lighted it, which enabled us to see very distinctly. Nothing particularly attracted our attention, save three doors, two of which were close together on the south, opposite our entrance, and the other occupied a central position in the wall to the right. While looking around us, we heard something like a groan—but whether distant, muffled, or feeble, we could not tell which.

"Come," said Harley, who still retained his hold upon Zoe, "I suppose that sound proceeds from your victim—how to us then?"

"This way!" and the Count advanced to one of the iron doors near together, while we eagerly followed, Viola faintly murmuring:

"My father! my poor father!"

"You hang by the door, do you?" said the Count.

Harley frank it, and soon had the door open, disclosing a small crypt, with a grated door between us and the prisoner. The open space between the two doors had some connection with the chimney above, and was doubtless contrived to admit air to the inmate of the cell, for there appeared to be no other means of ventilation.

"Here, Harry," said Harley, "take charge of the Count, while I set over the prisoner."

I laid my hand on D'Estang, and Harley seized the crypt with his lantern. The grated door was opened by turning a key, which had been removed from without. In less time a minute, I heard my friend say:

"Henry St. Auburn, you are free."

"Was I heard this right?" whispered Zoe, for this liberation?" said a voice from within.

"Your daughter will explain all," replied Harley: "this is without knowledge. Come, the next moment Harley reappeared, followed by a man some forty-five or fifty years of age, with bronzy-gray hair, a noble forehead, and strongly marked features.

I had only time to observe this much, when Viola, with a cry of "Father! dear, dear father!" sprang into his arms, and poured her head upon his neck, and wept upon his breast.

It will some one be so good as to explain the meaning of this?" said St. Auburn, looking from one to the other, with an air of perplexity, but exhibiting less emotion for his daughter than was consistent with my feelings.

"It means, dear father," replied Viola, looking up into his face with her beautiful head still clasped around his neck, "that the man you have injured so much has proved himself your friend; and that the man you have considered your enemy, has proved himself your friend."

"I know who has proved himself my enemy," said St. Auburn, looking fiercely at the Count, who stood pale and silent, biting his lips; "and he who has proved himself my friend, in this hour of need?"

Harley stepped forward, saluting to Henry, who, with his arms folded on his breast, stood near, calmly, yet somewhat sternly, regarding St. Auburn.

"Sir, you are a stranger to me, but—he pro. St. Auburn, looking at Harley, who hesitated:

"Nay, sir, I am no stranger, but can lay well known;" and with the words he removed his wig, mustache, and whiskers, adding:—"You recognize me now, Mr. St. Auburn?"

"Ha! Harley!" cried St. Auburn, with a start, changing countenance.

"Yes, a despised Harley," returned my friend, with not a little sarcasm.

"I do not understand this," said St. Auburn, with an air of wonder.

"This way, father, I will explain all," returned Viola, gaily; and she drew St. Auburn aside, and spoke to him hurriedly, for a few minutes, in a low tone.

The latter started not a few, while they were conversing again, with a peculiar expression.—His brows contracted, a sneer played around his mouth, and once or twice he seemed on the point of speaking, but withheld the utterance, and remained silent.

At length St. Auburn advanced to Harley, and proffered his hand.

"Sir! Mr. Harley," he said, "I feel I have done you great injustice. Will you forgive me?"

"Hah!" muttered D'Estang: "spoil the truth, and shame the Father of Lies!—you know she is not your daughter!"

"Not his daughter!" exclaimed Harley, catching at the word: "not his daughter, Count D'Estang?"

"No, she is not his daughter."

"Silence!" interposed St. Auburn, fiercely.

"Nay, speak!" cried Harley, while we all stood breathless with surprise, "and confess—you shall be heard. I know he has not treated you well, but I cannot believe he has played such a confident, trusted of another, and connected to my wedding the man of my choice, I would have pleased my fortune, whatever it may be, at your disposal."

"Speak of another instance of villainy overreaching itself," rejoined Harley, in a severe tone.

"But tell me, sir—oh! tell me who I am!" pressed Viola, with great emotion.

"Oh! I am bewildered—I know not what to think, or how to act! And is it possible that I, the father of Viola, am to be spoken of in such vile lips?"

"Hold!" interrupted Harley: "I am master here, and the Count *shall* have a hearing."

"Oh! what new and fearful mystery is this?" now cried Viola, looking from one to the other for explanation.

"She is not his daughter," persisted D'Estang, "and he knows it. The secret he made known to me in confidence, and of course I am called, he shall no longer have the advantage of it."

"In this true, father? is this true?" cried Viola, addressing St. Auburn.

"I believe it is," replied he, in an invention of his own," replied St. Auburn, not a little agitated.

"Look at his face, and he your own judges," rejoined D'Estang.

Harley now took Viola aside, and held a short conference with her: then he returned to the group, and was addressing them.

"This is all very strange, and I should like a clearing up of the mystery," he said, addressing the Count.

"And I can give it to a few words," replied D'Estang: "Harry St. Auburn had a daughter—"

"Mr. Harley," interjected St. Auburn, "that he who pretends to be Count D'Estang is a villain of the worst type, I think you have already had sufficient evidence; and for the sake of my pedigree must be told, let it come from my lips."

"Say on, Auburn," said Harley, sternly.

"Not here, Mr. Harley—not here. Not as at liberty, and I swear to you that shall have the truth, and the whole truth. The great error in Tony has been why what I have told him, and he has acted accordingly. Since matters have gone so far, I may as well state, that the man who is called Viola St. Auburn, is not my daughter, and that whoever weds her will wed no heiress of great wealth. This is the true reason why he refused to wed her, that he will not force her into an alliance with himself."

"To accomplish which vile treasons, you scrupled not to lead your assistance," rejoined Harley.

"In part, Mr. Harley, I confess; but that I refused to second all his base plans, my implacements have proved to you."

"Did you not force her to some bither, with another motive than to marry her to D'Estang?"

"I persuaded her to come, in the hopes that I could prevail upon her to give him her hand in marriage, though I was not then aware of her being only a reputed, not real, daughter."

"As for villany, I fear there is not much to choose between you," replied Harley, sternly, "and I am, I never intended to exercise over her any power beyond current entreaty. I was to be the medium of reconciliation between her and herself; and I would have made my work good, and removed her was this, had I not been deprived of my liberty, and thrown into a dungeon cell by force. I will not deny that my motive was partly selfish, for I hoped that I might be able to receive a certain sum of money the moment she should become his bride; but when, after pushing her into the arms of another, I saw by her feelings to think of wedding such a man, I was to be unfaithful to all honor, I resolved to take her away at any sacrifice. The world has not gone far with me, Mr. St. Auburn, but I have I lost a fortune, and a wife that I prized above every thing earthly. Circumstances have thrown this young girl in my way, and I esteem her as my friend, and the bargain and sale of her person to the Count, I shall do what I can against the consent of Viola to make the contract effective. That I acted right in doing as I have done, I do not pretend to say—but I am not more guilty than I have made appear."

"Will you speak now with Viola in name the Count in the first place?" inquired Harley.

"Because I then thought him a gentleman; because I knew that he had the power himself my friend, in this hour of need."

"Sir, you are a stranger to me, but—he pro St. Auburn, looking at Harley, who hesitated:

"Nay, sir, I am no stranger, but can lay well known;" and with the words he removed his wig, mustache, and whiskers, adding:—"You recognize me now, Mr. St. Auburn?"

"Ha! Harley!" cried Sir. Auburn, with a start, changing countenance.

"But think you, Morton, I have no interest in this matter?"

"Great interest, my dear Viola; but I would have it represented by counsel."

"Nay, Morton, I pray you let me hear for myself."

Harley assented, and again addressed himself to St. Auburn.

"I have said that the Count for binding himself to give you so large a sum on the day that Viola shall become his wife?"

"I have said that she is an heiress to great wealth," was the reply.

"Well, and why did you *not* her for such a sum? Why did you not make known to her her history, and leave it to her generosity to reward you?"

"Because the plain truth, Mr. Harley, I knew she was engaged to you, and I feared, if she became possessed of the secret of her birth, she would carry you off, and place herself and fortune wholly in your hands."

"Ah! Ah! that was why you, my daughter, since you discern the ills of commingling, how much you mistake my nature," returned Viola, her eyes flashing with fire. "Had you made me a confident, instead of another, and counseled to my wedding the man of my choice, I would have pleased my fortune, whatever it may be, at your disposal."

"Speak of another instance of villainy overreaching itself," rejoined Harley, in a severe tone.

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"She is not his daughter," persisted D'Estang, "and he knows it. The secret he made known to me in confidence, and of course I am called, he shall no longer have the advantage of it."

"Silence, villain!" cried St. Auburn, looking fiercely at the Count, and at the same time vile lips—"

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"Silence, villain!" cried St. Auburn, looking fiercely at the Count, and at the same time—"

relieved! the child saw a lifetime; I should not be distressed. All my plans, all my projections were forgotten; I was in the midst of them, and after fifteen years I was again the Christmas fire, the Christmas table, the Christmas feast, that I had dreamed of so often! To describe that night is impossible. Long after midnight, we sat; the children unwillingly left my house for bed; my brothers gazed and wondered; my sisters crowded round me, kissed my brown-burned cheeks, and pressed my sunburned hands. My aunt could not believe that Christmas may I have, never can like that which was once the wanderer home!

But although England has its blessed seasons and feelings, to which Christmas-day must first; and, although that Christmas meeting will often again be before my eyes, I cannot stay in England. My life is wrapped up in adopted country; and where I have earned fortune, there I will spend it. The memory of the accumulations, the bonds created by endless divisions of society, are more than I can endure; it seems to sit on my breast, and mortify pride in imaginary social superiority as too cheap.

I have found the very English face, and the true English heart! Soon can we launched on the Australian stories of my Christmas week, which my friends were never tired of hearing. In reality to leave all and follow me to my adopted home. I am now preparing for departure: and neither complaining, nor books, nor society be wasting it wist was, when I first knew it, a forest and kangaroos, desert, peopled with birds and kangaroos. Nearly twenty robinson accompany me; some of these good enough. In a few years we may find as flourishing a settlement on Australian maps; and there, as Christmas day, as my own, true and sincere friends shall meet with welcome and help from me, for I shall never forget that I once began the world, a shepherd in a solitude, and died on the bright stage of a Christmas-night, sitting in a hot and cheerless sky.—*Household Words.*

Miscellaneous.

THE VISION OF JUDGE EDMONDS.

[The most curious thing that has appeared lately, is the following statement relative to Spiritual Manifestations, by Judge Edmonds, of New York. Judge Edmonds is a gentleman whose life has occupied a prominent position in the political affairs of that State, having been State Senator, Judge of nearly or quite all the Courts of the State from the lowest to the highest, and is now a Judge of the Court of Appeals—the highest court of Errors in the State. We give his statement for what it is worth, in order that our readers may keep up with the times.—]

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

BY THE HON. J. W. EDMONDS.

PREM.

"He who receives
Light from above, the source of all light.
No other doctrine needs."

Paradise Regained.

It is now a little over a year since I was afflicted with the loss of the one most near and dear to me on earth. I had never before supposed but I never entertained the idea of seeking one relation in spiritual intercourse. Indeed, I knew not such a thing existed. I had, for many years a more than of the world. I knew nothing of science—and then as a mere matter of curiosity—even a clairvoyant. The "Rochester knockings" I had heard of, but never attended to, and looked upon the matter, when I thought of it at all, as one of the freaks of human credulity, which, like many others, would have its day, and be forgotten.

At length, through the solicitation of a friend, and more to gratify her, and to while away a tedious hour, than anything else, I went to a friend to witness an exhibition of spiritual intercourse.

I saw much to surprise and interest me, and I gave to the subject all the attention I could command, though I thoroughly disbelieved it, and exposes the deception, if there was one. I have now reasoned that investigation, for more than a year, and have been enabled to keep an accurate record of all I have witnessed.

As I have progressed, I found that I pun my self becoming, in some measure, a medium; and when alone by myself, without any one present near me, I was receiving communications that were to me, in an eminent degree, satisfactory. Those come to me in different forms. One is by seeing pictures painted to my mind's eye very bright, as vivid, and as distinct as any that my physical vision can convey to the mind. One of the earliest of these I now give you.

THE VISION.

My dear S. appeared to me clothed in shining and flowing garments—her countenance beaming with affection and gladness. She appeared, accompanied by a beautiful child, the child of a female elder than herself, and somewhat shorter in stature.

I was impressed who that was. They were accompanied by other spirits, whose identity was made known to me. Others were by their side same, among whom I recognized my father, my mother, my brothers, and my learned as a father, some of whom had been thirty years in the spirit world.

All were clad in the same shining garments—except occasionally some one would appear in the dress he wore on earth, that I might recognize him.

It was then that William Penn appeared, and said that he had been one of my guardian spirits since the incident of the kitten; that he happened to be near that, and was pleased that I recollected it had produced upon me. He had ever since been near me, trying to influence me, and had influenced, though not enough to keep always from going astray. He had, however, helped much to awaken in me my present aversion to slavery, and to inflicting suffering.

Sir John Newton next appeared, and told me he was wrong in considering the attraction of gravitation as a distinct and substantive principle, for it was, in fact, nothing but the result of a combination of motion—motion being a principle that pervaded all material things, and one on its effects was gravitation.

Rosenkrantz then appeared, and said to me that in his recollection of what he had done he was right and truthful, and he he relied upon. He had not, by misery which he had brought upon them; and especially he mentioned his doctrine of correspondence, and his attempts to reconcile his revelations with the popular religion of his day. And he said, as the Bible contained many important and valuable truths, yet, from the mode in and for an unprepossessed age, it contained errors and inconsistencies; so the theological writings contained many valuable truths, as well as some errors, produced by his desire to reconcile the truths which were scattered in the Bible with the prevailing theology of his age. He bade me beware of the errors in my own and in his revelations, but discard his theories, and instead of them appeal to our understandings and the inferences to be drawn from the truths he had developed.

Dr. Franklin then came forward and said something about explaining to me the manner in which the "Universal Fluid" was used in these spiritual manifestations.[1] But some how or other his explanation was not made, and to the

[1] The incident alluded to occurred when I was a child. I was playing with a kitten, and was amusing myself by playing to the manner of the village tailor, who then resided, and, with my hands outspreaded, was rather noisy. A poor man, a former, was passing by me along the sidewalk, and in the frolic of our boyhood we gave a blow. We pursued it into a hole in the wall, which was surrounded by a high fence. We chased it in vain. The next day I found that my companions pretended to search, and we began to play with it; and finally, without having actually attended it, we killed it. It seemed that my mother, who was Quaker lady, was passing by the lot while we were thus engaged with the kitten, and saw us at play with it, but not the cruelty which we were practicing. She never said one word to me. She drew me to her side, and without even looking at the kitten, led me away. I have often since then, that that gentle rebuke was more than all the punishment that could have been inflicted upon me

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1865.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 Seven Times Square, Fulton,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with fidelity, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

OUR NOVELETS.

After the several now in process of publication,

VIOLA; OR, ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

we shall commence Mr. T. S. Arthur's original novelet—written expressly for the Post—called

TRIAL AND TRIUMPH,

which will be distinguished by the peculiar characteristics of that gentleman's pen.

After these are gone through, we shall be mistaken if our readers are not again ready for a new work by Mr. Southworth, entitled

THE SECRET OF CLIFTON;

A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION.

What will come in the way of fiction after the above, are not yet determined. We shall, however, take the novelets mentioned a sufficiently rich bill of fare for the present.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall not neglect the usual assortment of Miscellaneous matter—composed, in a great degree, of the choicest ARTICLES that appear in the EUROPEAN JOURNALS, together with the CHOICE OF NEW YORK, CHRISTIAN LITERATURE, CHANNING, &c., &c.,—localizing at no reasonable expense to the reader such articles as may, in our estimate, and make them worthy of a first class place in a work of our pretensions.

And in view of our affection for the orientalsouthwestern portion of our readers, may we not expect a remittance of the good friends and firmly intrenched heretofore shown in our behalf, and experience not only no reason to be afraid to extend the circulation of the Post. Our terms are very moderate—as moderate as those as a first class paper can be maintained upon.—We might, we grant, take our inside matter at second-hand, and duplicate, from some daily paper; or procure our stories for nothing, from whatever, monopoly-written story may be the annual issues, instead of enlisting such writers as Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Lee Hentz, Mr. Bennett, &c., but we are not willing to—we are not compelled to pursue such a selfish course. Our plan is to pay liberally, and make a first class paper, knowing that the public fully understand that a poor paper is not worth the about it is printed upon, and is therefore dear at any price.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 16th, Mr. Mallory offered a resolution disapproving the Executive of Foreign Governments having taken the attendance of provisions for the payment of an indemnity to Confederate refugees in consequence of the damages to their property by molestation or violence by the Government of the United States, or by the late Union Republicans. He addressed the Senate in favor of the adoption of resolution, and moved for the consideration now.

Mr. Sumner offered a resolution directing and instructing the Committee on Foreign Relations to report within ten days, from the wrongs of women in the Hospital Trade Adopted.

On motion of Mr. Morton, the Senate took up the bill granting aid in Florida and Alabama for the aid in the construction of a railroad from Pensacola Bay to Montgomery and Mobile. This bill was passed, with a few unimportant changes.

Mr. Morton moved an additional section, granting aid to the road and for other railroads in Alabama from Pensacola Bay to Mobile Bay, and the other from the mouth of the Chattahoochee river to Columbus, Georgia. These sections were agreed to, and the bill passed as amended.

Mr. Cowan moved, and the bill granting land to Illinois and Indiana for a railroad from the mouth of Lawrenceville, to Vincennes, Indiana, was taken up, and, after usual entertainment, was ordered to be engrossed.

The House Bill, authorizing the Legislature of Florida to sell the 500,000 acres of land granted to them for the use of railroads in that State, and for which none already made, was taken up and passed.

The bill granting land to Alabama for the Girard and Mobile Railroad, and the bill granting land to Florida for railroads, were taken up, read a third time and passed. The Railroad and its branches, which was, on Friday, ordered to be engrossed, was read a third time and passed.

The Dahlgren Bill was then taken up. Mr. Wade opposed the amendment giving rank to the officers. He was delighted to see the special friends of Franklin and Farragut here to-day. He was glad to see that he could do honor to American ships and sailors. Seven years ago, Congress undertook to do much for the improvement and maintenance of the Navy. Large figures were required, and most extensive machinery was provided. The Navy was to be made the first in the world, and the machinery was sold, and yet we have not got nothing whatever has been heard in that quarter of Uncle Sam. The people of the North are justly anxious looking for him from that time. It was then anxiously looking for him from that time. It was then anxiously looking for him from that time. It was then anxiously

Selected Poetry.

QUESTIONS OF LIFE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

And the angel that was seen unto me, answer unto me: What, are ye not in error, said he,
"The best hath gone from the sight of this world, and thinkest thou to comprehend the way of the Most High?"
"Then said I, 'Yea, my Lord.'"
Then said he unto me, "Go to thy way, weigh me the weight of the wind, and measure me the blast of the wind, or call me again the day that is past."
II. Esdras, chap. iv.

A binding staff I would not insist,
A feeble faith I would not advise,
Should mock Almighty power
The same which came forth may serve,
What! has night lent the best advice?
I shrink against the staffs of doubt.
And yet, at times, even all these will
A dollar penny seems to fall,
(May God forgive the child of dust,
Who seeks in Zeus, where Faith should reign)
I raise the question, all and each,
Of Urdon's assigned Patriarch,
And speech-confounded Babel, and
The baffled tower of Shinar's plain.
I am: how little more I know!
Whence came I, Thou alone do I get?
A central self which links and is
A cry between the silences
A shallow birth of clouds and rain,
With snowdrops at its feet, and all
A shell, from Nature's quiver, cast
Into the Future, who is Past?
Between the cradle and the shroud,
A mariner's flight from cloud to cloud.
Through the vastness, arching all,
I see the great stars rise and fall,
The traveling universe go on!
The tided oceans ebb and flow;
The solemn sun by Edom's Mount,
Whose circles, in their widening course,
Overleap and reach Universe;
The workings of the Law, whence springs
The rhythmic harmony of things,
Which shapes in earth the dashing spar,
And robs in Heaven the Morning Star.
Of all I see, in earth and sky—
Sun, flower, bird, mineral—laid part here ?"
This conscious life—is it the same
Which thrills my frame? Immortal seems,
Of birth the centered crystal shook;
And simple life from forest cells,
Wherein the animal wood-bird tells
When Spring shall green her scarlet cells?
How doth the ocean the peag of birth,
Which in its waters sparkling grins forth
The forest-tone the throb which gives
The life-blood to the human nerves?
To bird and blossom feel, like me,
Life's many-folded mystery—
The reason why, as I or they
Or stand I screened and distant,
From Heaven's core of life unbarred ?
Afraid to all, yet not the less
Pictured in questioning consciousness,
Alone o'erbrowsed with a sense
Of life, and consequence?

In vain to me the Sphynx propounds
The riddle of her sights and sounds;
Which still the weakness overlays
The refused question it receives—
What sings the bird? What sees the cattle
In the pine-tree's organ-swell?
What says the river low besides its ?
The meaning of the evening red?
The hieroglyphics of the stars?
Or clouded sunset's crimson hues?
Vainly said, the monks my skill
The trick of Nature's cypher will.

I turn from them unto men,
I ask the sculptor and the poet;
What sang the bards of old? What meant
The Prophets of the Orient?
The relic of buried Egypt has
Its painted tomb and pyramid?
What mean Milton's crowny flute,
Or dusk Scandinavian signs?
How speaks the primal thought of man
From its grim recesses of Ogpu?
Where rests the secret? Where the keys
Of life's dark and silent mysteries?
Alas! the dead retain their trust,
Dust locks and seals from me the dust.
The great enigma still impressed,
Unanswered by the human quest;
I gather up the scattered rays
Of wisdom in the early days,
Force, genius, and the thing of the light
Of motives in a Northern night,
Betraying to a passing ray,
The unseen sun which goes them forth;
Silence on the Future's path,
The Voice of Power and Immortality!
Into the Past I look in vain;
And what of life and what of death
The dream-reader cannot read,
And what beneath his garden trees,
Blossom the sleeping Arabian tread,
The solemn-thoughted Parsi sees;
Nor hath Indra power, nor starting-sound
Or swelling of dream and gesse!
Of Wisdom's fullness to disclose!
Why lify reek from outward things
The answer to the questioning brings;
Why stretch beyond our proper system
And dip for light in Orion's urn?
Why climb the level hills with pain,
A mirror view of heaven to gain?
In lowliest depths of human life
The hermit, Contemplation, dwells,
A fountain which springs for ever,
And knows toward his silent feet,
Whence, pressed between with reverend sight
Shall glorify the coming night.

Here let me pause, my quest forego;
Enough for me to know and feel
That He in whom the cause and end,
The Past and Future, blend;
Who, girt with His immensities,
Can wot and can keep system wise,
Small as the shortest Pleiades,
Moves not without unerring eyes;
But warms the Spring-time's grassy spires;
Tends and Arcturus' fire alone,
Put designs to guide and keep my way;
Speaks not alone in Voice of Fate,
Which words destroy and worlds create,
His whisper is my spirit's law,
In sense of love or warning-fear
A language soon beside my ears
Is known.

Then, Lord, whatever tasking, toil and wait I,
Some, as once wearied child,
In need and darkness shall be heard,
Like dew-fall setting on my mind,
Assured that, as I never leave,
And lengthy training for the test,
I here from the long storm receive
Of His diffused Comprehension,
From Wisdom, and that tendency, Act,
And touch and speech of man aspect,
To the still voice within my heart;
With reverence waiting to behold
His Avatar of Love untold,
The Eternal Beauty, new and old!

National Era.

Selected Sketch.

WOOD AND COTTAGE FURNITURE.

FROM ALLEN'S "RURAL ARCHITECTURE."

This is subject so thoroughly discussed in the books, and the world generally, that it would here be said, would suit little, inasmuch as our experience in the bookst upon us "old fashioned," "out of date," and "of no account whatever."—for wonderfully modern notions in the room-furnishing have early all taken form as well as into town houses. Indeed, we could not, without great disadvantage in regard to household furniture, and contentment, with a few exceptions, "modern degeneracy" has created in the mineral circles at shanty, in house-furnishing, to which the ingenuity of our men returns. Fashions in furniture change about as often as the cut of a lady's dress, or the shape of her bonnet, and pretty much with the same success, too—not always of Paris, even, in good old English, Paris, the capital of taste, but of fashion, where the poor, may spend half his small income, every year, to keep up appearances, and make room for new furniture, and be kept uncomfortable all the time; when, if he will, utter a quiet, good-tempered shake with his better-half, agree with her upon the list of *necessary* articles to make them ready for use, and then a catalogue of what shall comprise the *harmless* part of their furnishings, when provided, they will forever shake up their shins in a battle for the contest with, they will remain entirely free from one piece of "old stuff" in this which is to be!

It is pleasant to see a young couple setting out in their housekeeping life, well provided with comfortable and properly-selected furniture, appropriate to all the uses of the family: and then to keep, and use it, and enjoy it, like contented, sensible people; adding to it, now and then, as its wear, or the increasing wealth of their family may require. Old, familiar things, to which we have long been accustomed, and habituated, make up a round share of our actual enjoyment. A family addicted to constant changes in their household furniture, attached to nothing, content with nothing, and looking well, society to the next change of fashion which shall introduce something new into the house, can take no sort of comfort, let their circumstances be ever so affluent. It is a kind of dissipation in which some otherwise worthy people are prone to indulge, but altogether pernicious in the indulgence. It distracts, also, the whole establishment—the family of a head of it—and from nothing *old* about them—as if they themselves were a temporary, and merely desired part of a modern shopkeeper's stock in trade. The furniture of a house ought to look as though the family expected to pass half a generation—and as if old things had some connection from houses also to their children of their sorts.

We are not about to dictate any of what fashion household furniture should be, when another day further than that of a plain substantial, and commodious fashion, and that it should comport, so far as it may, with the taste of the inmate, with the approved modes of the day. But we are free to say that, in the choice of the articles of absolutely, and sofitness for use, we have the fashion than anything else. What is known to be the most comfortable, and easiest an legs like spine-stem, *governing* your best like a thunderstorm, and that the chair, the sofa, spider beneath you, as you sit in it, and a trifle of quickly would make you uncomfortable, while absorb your money in their cost, and detract from your comfort instead of adding to it, when you bring them into your house. Better that you must have a ladder to climb into it, or so low as to necessitate a stoop in order to get at the floor, when lying on it. No; give us the substantial, the easy, the free, and enjoyable articles, and the rest may go to the lumber room of those who have a taste for them. Now do these Baby Establishments, as we see them in society, or to the good opinion of those whose consideration is worth having. Look into the houses of those people who are the *really* substantial, and worthy of the kind. There will be found little of what is called "show" in their furniture, well-procured, useful in everything, each thing well-adapted to the purpose for which it is to be used, and in all quietude, of comfort, and of hospitality in their apartments. Children cling to such objects in which they find a source of affection and parental regard.

Although we have said this much in condemnation about what varieties of furniture should constantly be discarded, we do not wish to illustrate its style or fashion by drawings, and content ourself with the single remark, that it should, in all cases, be plain and free from doubles—no show nor ostentation about it—and such as to suit the house in which it is to have been about the room, as centre tables, in common, or on the occasion to be in fashionable things or imaginable. They are costly; they require a world of care to keep them in condition; and then, with all their cost, when the vast sum of their value, is any sensible use. We have frequently been in a house where the family were evidently led better things, and, on being introduced into the "parlor," actively found everything in the furniture for a visitor, and "quitting" that we were about to sit down on the frail thing which was provided for us, and to be in fear of breaking them; and everything about it looked so gingerly and unfamiliar, that we were under a false relief when we could fairly get out of it, and take a place by the wide old fireplace, to the common living room, where everything was used in a good old way, high-backed, split-bottomed chairs—no fashion was considered in that, when in the "parlor" there was nothing but restraint and discomfort. No; leave all this vanity to those who have a taste for it, and money or who, at least, think they have—to some shamefaced; it is no part of the comfort of a dwelling, wherever. All this kind of flippery smacks of the boarding-house, the hotel-parlor, and the dancing-master, and is out of character for the farm, or the sensible retirement of the country.

In connection with the subject of furniture, a remark may be made in regard to the proper size of the house, which might, perhaps, have been more fittingly made when discussing that subject, in the following chapter. Many families pile have a marvellous propensity for introducing into their dwellings a great deal more room than they can possibly occupy, or find any use for, to the comfort of the family. Hence, they are not here be discussed. The presence of such arrangements, in a country house, is to have everything like domestic enjoyment, and always followed by great expense and inconvenience. No room, in any house, should be constructed without at least a window, answered to the affirmative. Such a room is a mere receptacle for dust, and has neither light nor air. Such rooms would speedily soon find the fair Quakeress coming from the city—the rounded her of her promise that he should not be "shut up."

"Say, friend, I promised that he would see you, and I will keep my word. He did not like books; therefore, he avoided thee, and has left the house by another path."

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National Antipathies.—One of the most curious things appertaining to humanity is the national antipathies that exist. Sometimes they take towards certain objects, such as animals, articles of food, and other inanimate substances; but more frequently towards men, and not nothing that goes under feathers,—nothing that has wool, hair, skin, eggs for food; nor even cake, or puddings, of which eggs are the ingredients. And the writer of this, himself, could be more and more set down as a Yankee, and was seen in society all directions. In some of the Southern States, he had been a statesman of distinguished ability and station at home, and a diplomatist abroad, and a Representative in the halls of legislation, and become and of society. His wife, too, was the daughter of a distinguished Scottish merchant, quite his equal in all the accomplishments of life. His own position was conspicuous; he was the manager of millions of the wealth of others; and his station in society was of the highest. Yet, when he came to purchase certain articles of furniture of every kind was plain, saving, perhaps, the old Scotch carpet, which was to be added to it, which was all substantial, and made for use. The younger children—and of these, of course, there were a few—were used—as found happy, healthy, cheerful, and frolicking on the ground without any other change than that of clothes, yet altogether appropriate garb, was stirring among them, and her family saving, and kindly welcomed us as we took our seats around on the open, glowing fireplace. "Why, sir," we were informed, "nothing can be more unpleasant than a room, not more highly finished than many a kitchen, and with a floor like a barn." furniture of every kind was plain, saving, perhaps, the old Scotch carpet, which was to be added to it, which was all substantial, and made for use. The younger children—and of these, of course, there were a few—were used—as found happy, healthy, cheerful, and frolicking on the ground without any other change than that of clothes, yet altogether appropriate garb, was stirring among them, and her family saving, and kindly welcomed us as we took our seats around on the open, glowing fireplace. "Why, sir," we were informed, "nothing can be more unpleasant than a room, not more highly finished than many a kitchen, and with a floor like a barn." The glow of warmth which the fire had given—it was a cool morning—and the cheerful light of a shelf, from Nature's quiver, cast into the Future, whose fate they knew not, and a dollar penny seems to fall. (May God forgive the child of dust, Who seeks in Zeus, where Faith should reign) I raise the question, all and each, Of Urdon's assigned Patriarch, And speech-confounded Babel, and The baffled tower of Shinar's plain. I am: how little more I know! Whence came I, Thou alone do I get? A central self which links and is A cry between the silences A shallow birth of clouds and rain, With snowdrops at its feet, and all A shell, from Nature's quiver, cast Into the Future, who is Past? Between the cradle and the shroud, A mariner's flight from cloud to cloud. Through the vastness, arching all, I see the great stars rise and fall, The traveling universe go on! The tided oceans ebb and flow; The solemn sun by Edom's Mount, Whose circles, in their widening course, Overleap and reach Universe; The workings of the Law, whence springs The rhythmic harmony of things, Which shapes in earth the dashing spar, And robs in Heaven the Morning Star. Of all I see, in earth and sky—

Wit and Humor.

Yankee Ingenuities.—A correspondent relates the following anecdote, illustrative of the shrewdness and tact of the Yankees:

In one of my solitary pluralistal wanderings last summer, I paused through a meadow in which a number of men were making hay. One of them left his occupation and came to me, and asked me if I was fishing. The following remarkable conversation ensued, we being strangers to each other:

Stranger—Fish there, mister?

Snooks—Yaas-s-s, smashing of that sort.

Stranger—Got any bites this fine of the afternoon? eh, crashin, what a lot! Where did you come from?

Snooks—All up and down the lot.

Stranger—Guess you know know! what kind of bait you use? Should hardware was, any? What is it made of?

Snooks—Nothing he had awakened an inquisitive.) Very bustlious indeed, made of salt-wood, twelve feet in length, in three pieces, mounted with a brass reel, and line of the bottom, tapers gradually to half an inch thickness, and is altogether a very excellent queer rod, and cheap at that! bought it of Martin L. Brackett, Esq., Counsellor-at-Law, Boston, Massachusetts, United States of America, last spring, basket from him, too, cost since which I have had the rod, basket and a half-pound of fish, when half-off, or empty, can't say, got the fish, but should have been a dozen more, only hooks: Limerick and different sizes, hanged on get, this time of the year, and can't believe there ever was any, this old coast twelve since from time, can't say what these ventilating pants and coat, and vest cost me, but can say that boots made for fishing, and cost five dollars, got them of Jones, Esq., Broadway, New York, and line, have a jack-knife also in my pocket and a penn with a half-a-dollar, a shilling and a penny in it, which was once a half-dime, but good brandy in that bottle, paid two-and-six-pence for that, got it on the tobacco in the pocket also, as part of a pound weight of very mixture, can't tell what it is, but can say it is which is generally curb worms; that hardworked I get, I can't tell when, it is old enough to be my father, but I live at the country, have been there two months, intend to be there two months longer, when myself I can't tell you, is there anything more in particular you want to know?

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Scarcely had I inserted my fishing line in the water, when I heard the same voice at my elbow, in static finest inquiring in an earnest tone:

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Our Picture Gallery.

A COUNTRY SCHOOL HOUSE.

No one can journey through any section of any belonging to it.—His some relic of the country without being impressed with the fact, that school-houses are, generally, constructed without taste, convenience, or any comfort. Located in the geographical centre of the district—as the rule is—the hill, alder or in a deep pond—erected at as little cost as possible, and left unfinished, or white-washed, to make it attractive,—with no grounds save the public highway.

We present above a design for a School House, taken from the Horticulturist for January, which possesses the requisites of comfort and convenience, and is at the same time a tasteful and neat architecture.

"It has at least the merit (says Mr. Downing) of simplicity in the plan, and as it is a parallelogram, of economy in the construction. An entrance hall or lobby, opens into a large school room for boys upon the one side, and one for girls upon the other. Between these two rooms is a recitation room, which may contain, say about forty scholars. Behind the entire is bold and picturesque—the style a modification of the Swiss—and well adapted, and these in, have a high-foundation in pourest and a porch with a half-a-dollar, a shilling and a penny in it, which was once a half-dime, but good brandy in that bottle, paid two-and-six-pence for that, got it on the tobacco in the pocket also, as part of a pound weight of very mixture, can't tell what it is, but can say it is which is generally curb worms; that hardworked I get, I can't tell when, it is old enough to be my father, but I live at the country, have been there two months, intend to be there two months longer, when myself I can't tell you, is there anything more in particular you want to know?

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WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT.

William Howitt is a man of about fifty years of age, with a fine head of gray hair, and striking physical appearance. He is about the average height, but is remarkably light, weighing but seven (mill) save when his life is accused; and is very thin. He is a man of great nervous energy. What baby he has is white as snow, and given to him an almost elastic appearance. In his exertions he is a fanatic, and will not even do a regard for conventionalism, as from the following anecdote will show. He is a Quaker, especially at home while talking of the country and its beauties. He is a lover of nature, and speaks sharply sometimes, but one could hear him speak of the beauties of nature for hours without tiring. He imparts to all he says a peculiar poetic charm; if you are out of a Sketching Club with him, you will find the accomplished making sketches all around you, he will but sketch and talk about the beauties of good and ghost-like that will chill you through.

Mary Howitt is a few years younger than her husband, and is a woman of taste, and never yet be taken for an authoress. You would call her a lady, and not one who writes well and prettily. She is also a resolute character to figure in defiance, rather than a creature of such character that Society, they share to this day with them, but he was a man who was not to be with, and is harmony with the religious principles of that body, and who does not distinctively members of the Society.

They have for years been peculiarly hospitable to literary people, and have had many of the best and most celebrated. And the writer of this, himself, could be more and more set down as a Yankee, and was seen in society all directions. In some of the Southern States, he had been a statesman of distinguished ability and station at home, and a diplomatist abroad, and a Representative in the halls of legislation, and become and of society. His wife, too, was the daughter of a distinguished Scottish merchant, quite his equal in all the accomplishments of life. His own position was conspicuous; he was the manager of millions of the wealth of others; and his station in society was of the highest. Yet, when he came to purchase certain articles of furniture of every kind was plain, saving, perhaps, the old Scotch carpet, which was to be added to it, which was all substantial, and made for use. The younger children—and of these, of course, there were a few—were used—as found happy, healthy, cheerful, and frolicking on the ground without any other change than that of clothes, yet altogether appropriate garb, was stirring among them, and her family saving, and kindly welcomed us as we took our seats around on the open, glowing fireplace. "Why, sir," we were informed, "nothing can be more unpleasant than a room, not more highly finished than many a kitchen, and with a floor like a barn." The glow of warmth which the fire had given—it was a cool morning—and the cheerful light of a shelf, from Nature's quiver, cast into the Future, whose fate they knew not, and a dollar penny seems to fall. (May God forgive the child of dust, Who seeks in Zeus, where Faith should reign) I raise the question, all and each, Of Urdon's assigned Patriarch, And speech-confounded Babel, and The baffled tower of Shinar's plain. I am: how little more I know! Whence came I, Thou alone do I get? A central self which links and is A cry between the silences A shallow birth of clouds and rain, With snowdrops at its feet, and all A shell, from Nature's quiver, cast Into the Future, who is Past? Between the cradle and the shroud, A mariner's flight from cloud to cloud. Through the vastness, arching all, I see the great stars rise and fall, The traveling universe go on! The tided oceans ebb and flow; The solemn sun by Edom's Mount, Whose circles, in their widening course, Overleap and reach Universe; The workings of the Law, whence springs The rhythmic harmony of things, Which shapes in earth the dashing spar, And robs in Heaven the Morning Star. Of all I see, in earth and sky—

NILOTIC DRINKING-SONG.

BY RATAKO TAYLOR.

Yon may wear your hat on the side of your head,
Or the back of your head, or the front,
Or the Schoolfish's rule, if Cockburn's rule,
Or the crown of your head, or the crown.

We may glide from time,
To the Nile's own chime,
Nor even Ambrose's wit revile us;
For I, Lesbia, am
Not old with a crown,
Nor you Lesbia with a crown of Pamelas.
Nor need Cleopatra's queenly Dame
The lily may die
Her livery to
To him the ripples of deep Lethe,
Sinking his head in the Nile,
And the rose, voluptuous type of the hour.

The waves that ride on its bright surface
Are the tombs of myriads of myriads,
And their crowns of the South mingle now in the south
With the *bonhommes* and *spectres* of Northern Heroism.

Again and again
The golden sun shines,
Diviner a moment, over *Pyramid* swamp on;
For Isis and Osiris
And Horus and Ra,
And Canopus doesn't for Jupiter Ammon!

PART of a letter on Parisian New Year's gifts, states that there are round-hand shops in Paris, which have nothing to sell but *bijoux fixes*, or the *modern pretence*, which they have rendered, and selling them at a third of their original cost to the Parisian shopkeepers, who retail them at a profit. Time is a lady's pocket, and a thing at a third of its original cost is a lady's pocket, and a thing at a third of its original cost is a lady's pocket, and a thing at a third of its original cost